

# Good Morning 687

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## SHOP TALK

By Derek Hebenton

WITH her periscope still above the surface, her keel scraping the sea-bed, a British submarine on patrol in the Far East recently spent five hectic minutes in shallow water trying to avoid the attacks of a Japanese aircraft.

"Having sunk or damaged a dozen craft during the patrol, we were attacking the thirteenth, a motor coaster," said the submarine's Commanding Officer, Lieut.-Com. W. G. Meeke, M.B.E., D.S.O., R.N.

"Suddenly a fighter-bomber came out of the clouds 3,000 yards away. We dived to ten feet, and continued seaward along the bottom while the enemy came down and machine-gunned us.

"The bridge, jumping-wire and periscope standard were all hit. For five minutes the aircraft buzzed around like an angry wasp, while we felt like an ostrich trying to bury its head in the sand.

"We finally reached 30 feet of water, but even then were relieved when the Japanese did not drop any eggs."

In the Submarine Service since 1937, Lieut.-Com. Meeke won the D.S.C., in Sturgeon, in 1940.



DESCRIBING other recent experiences of the submarine, now commanded by Lieut.-Com. Meeke, the first lieutenant, Lieut. A. R. Corfield Jenks, R.N., said:

"We once spotted five landing craft coming down the coast close inshore. We surfaced and attacked them with our 3 inch gun. They replied with desultory machine-gun fire, before four of them beached. The fifth put up a feeble smoke-screen, and anchored behind it. The crew 'abandoned ship,' and swam ashore.

"We closed and set them all on fire, and judging by the huge column of smoke, they must have been carrying a cargo of oil. Aircraft then appeared, and we dived to the accompaniment of much machine-gun fire.

"Once, on surfacing, we engaged a motor coaster which turned inshore 'zigging' wildly. After scoring twelve hits on her we left her submerged and aground. Two hours later, through the periscope, we sighted a second coaster approaching us. We surfaced and engaged her, the fourth round hitting her fair and square, but once again a bomber appeared and we had to dive.

"We surfaced within an hour and chased a small Japanese supply ship. He opened fire on us, but the shots fell short. Then we opened fire and scored two hits. The enemy turned inshore and, the range shortening, his shot passed over us. Before disengaging we hit him twice again."

The first lieutenant is the son of Commander T. J. T.

With skill counting more than brawn these days in football the "little men" are again coming into their own, says

JOHN ALLEN.



Leading Seaman Edwin Chowles and his 19-year-old bride, June Rickett, married at Liverpool, but setting up house in London.

Corfields Jenks, R.N., who has served in the Submarine Branch since 1921.

The gunlayer responsible for the accurate fire during these operations was Leading Seaman V. Horsey, of Cardiff.

With the submarine since she was first commissioned is Sub-Lieut. G. C. Mills, R.N.V.R., of Bindura, Southern Rhodesia. At school before he joined up, Sub-Lieut. Mills served as a rating in the Town class cruiser, H.M.S. Birmingham.

Decorated for his work as outside stoker in the Submarine H.M.S. Una, in the Mediterranean, Leading Stoker E. P. Wynne, D.S.M., of Scarborough, is now serving under Lieut.-Com. Meeke. He joined the Royal Navy in 1926 and has been in submarines since 1934.

IT was at the Edge Lane Welsh Methodist Chapel, Liverpool, that 19-years-old June Rickett recently became the bride of lucky Leading Seaman Edwin Chowles.

The wedding was a real family affair, for the bride had her foster sister, Miss Jean Conner, of the W.A.A.F., to act as her chief bridesmaid, while the bridegroom was supported by his cousin, Ernie Jones, who acted as best man.

The ceremony went off as well as most weddings do, and

the family gathering afterwards included the bride's mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Rickett, her niece, four-years-old Eleanor Rickett, and the groom's mother, Mrs. E. Chowles.

Edwin intends setting up house in London after his honeymoon at Rhyl, North Wales, and with this in view his wife has given up her job in a Liverpool shop.

"Good Morning's" best wishes go to Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Chowles; may they have many happy years together.

CHAPLAIN Emlyn Williams, R.N.V.R., of R.N. Quarters, Blythe, writes to ask for prints of the pictures I took recently at the homecoming of a submarine. The Chaplain referred to the pictures as "those showing the Base events."

He did put a capital B in base. The prints are on the way, Chaplain.

Regarding the circulation of "Good Morning," I suggest you get in touch with Lieut. Froom Tyler, R.N.V.R., at Northways.



FROM the London Gazette comes the following:—

The King has been graciously pleased to give unre-

# Little Men in Sport Make Big Come-back

FOR years "little men" have been among the biggest stars of football. Just think for a moment of the great players who have been short of inches: Hughie Gallacher, Alex James, Jimmy MacMullan, Jimmy Dunn, Jackie Bestall, Willie Hall, "Fatty" Wedlock, "Fanny" Walden. One could go on for hours naming the little men who have gained the game's greatest honours.

Rangers' fans will have in mind that "little giant," Alan Morton, who set a standard for wingmen which has rarely been equalled, and proved that a man need not have inches to beat the best defence.

Just before the present war, when Bestall, Morton, James, and the others packed their boots for the last time, there was a noticeable lack of stars among the little men. Perhaps it was just one of those phases, but I am inclined to think that football was becoming a little too tough for some of the little fellows who relied upon skill more than brawn.

During the war years, when the standard of football has risen to a higher plane than at any other period during the past twenty years, the little man has again come into his own.

During my travels around the country I have been greatly impressed by the large number of small players who are achieving success. Many, too, are filling positions where one would expect to find a hefty chap.

Eddie Carr, 5ft. 2in. centre-forward with Newcastle United, always makes Newcastle followers think of the great Hughie Gallacher. Carr may not have the polish of the great Scottish international, but he has a wonderful turn of speed, can shoot hard and often with both feet, and rarely misses a chance.

Considering his size it is surprising how Carr can beat a much taller man in the air—but it took time for him to achieve his ability to jump.

In peace-time he is an Arsenal player—one the "Gunners" are looking to for the future—and while training with the then Margate "nursery," under Jack Lambert, who was manager-coach, young Carr, among his training stunts, went in for high jumping. It has resulted in him being able to nod

goals which defenders think are impossible for such a tiny forward.

Alex James, with his long pants, has to-day retired from the playing field to sit in the Press Box, but his place in the Arsenal team, when peace returns, may well be filled by Eddie Carr.

Billy Wrigglesworth, Manchester United's 5ft.-and little more!—left winger, is another who has come to the fore during the past few months. Billy, always with a big smile on his face, is so tiny that he is said to take only a size four in football boots. He has amazing ball control, an almost impish delight in sending a hefty de-

the secretary of the Chelsea junior side. "That boy, you sent us, Bowie, is red hot," said the secretary. "I suggest you sign him."

Although he had never seen the little fellow play, Birrell respected the view of his associate, so he gave Jimmy Bowie a professional form to sign.

A few days later—five days, to be precise—a shortage of players resulted in Bowie being given a chance in the Chelsea League team. So well did he play that he kept his place, and played in the Southern Cup Final, at Wembley, thirteen weeks later, being one of the finest players on the field.

At that time Bowie was in the Navy, but has since been transferred to the Army, for whom he has played in representative matches. Now he is being freely "tipped" for the Scottish cap.

He has all the traditional Scottish forward skill one always associates with Gallacher, Morton, James and Dunn. He might well play a big part in the Scottish revival—when it comes.

It is always interesting to note the way one small player can help another to make stardom. "Sonny" Walters, Spurs eighteen-year-old right winger, is now considered one of the most promising in the game.

Although only a "tich," he can worry the biggest defender, but it was not until he became associated with Bobby Flavell, Airdrie's Scottish international, another wee fellow, that he showed that exceptional skill which makes him stand out in every match.

Flavell, with his rich experience, quickly saw how to bring out the best in Walters. He blended with the other little fellow as two great players can. The result—one of the best wings in the Southern League.

There is nothing a football crowd enjoys more than seeing a small player weaving his way through a hefty defence, or a small half-back, such as Jimmy MacMullan, halting a powerful attack.

As I said before, just before the war little players appeared to be disappearing from League football. Now, to the delight of all, they have made a reappearance, and are proving as attractive and amusing as ever.



"Some 'opes! I kept smilin' at Ginger Ginnet's girl. That's why I'm 'ere!"

fender running the wrong way by a deft body-swerve, and a good shot.

When post-war football is going to make the headlines. So is Jimmy Bowie, the wee Chelsea inside-right.

Bowie, in the middle of last season, called upon Manager Billy Birrell, at the Chelsea F.C. office, with a letter of recommendation from an Aberdeen junior club. "He looked so small that I feared he might get hurt," says Birrell, "but promised to get him a game with Chelsea's junior side."

The following Saturday evening Birrell was 'phoned up by

## Next Leave Plans for P.O. Peter McCormick

CALLING P.O. Peter McCormick with a message from his mother from his home at 40, Lytton Crescent, Sheffield, 5.

Mother was really thrilled with the idea of being able to send you a message, Peter. She wants you to know that all's well at home, and that your healthy 81-years-old granny stays with her, and your other granny, bless her, is well too. You may expect some copies of various magazines from your mother shortly, Peter.

Tommy, your nine-years-old brother, is doing well at school, and Cliff writes regularly from the Army. Sister Mary is now a very good dancer. She takes lessons regularly—hmm! we can see you're going to be busy on your next leave.

They all ask about you in the "Sanitation" pub, and want it to be your first call on leave.



Your sister Hilda and some friends visited your home the other week, and popped into the local for a sociable pint or so.

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Dept. of C.N.I., Admiralty, London, S.W.1



A.B. Alfred Carpenter, of H.M. Submarine Venturer, and his wife take their first-born, Patricia Anne, to be christened at the tiny 14th Century Parish Church at Perivale, Middlesex, where they were married three years ago. In the picture also is the Vicar of Perivale.



# "Do Not Fight" Cried Mariana

STAMM was waiting for me ready, and thunder moaned. When I arrived at his house. At this instant the door opened. His conditions were these: Two and Zodomirsky and Pravdine ensabers were to be planted at a dis-tered. I advanced to meet them. tance of one pace apart; each "We are late, Captain," said opponent to extend his arm at full Zodomirsky, "but it was unavoidable length and fire at the word able."

"three." One pistol alone was to be loaded. "And what says Stamm?" he continued. I endeavoured in vain to obtain I gave him his adversary's another mode of combat. conditions. When I had ended, a "It is not a victim I offer to sad smile passed over his face; Monsieur Zodomirsky," said he drew his hand across his forehead, "but an adversary. He head and his eyes glittered with will fight as I propose, or I will feverish luster. not fight at all; but in that case "I had foreseen this," he murmured. I shall prove that Monsieur Zodomirsky is brave only when sure presume?"

Zodomirsky's orders were imperative. I accepted. "Did you not give me the order of his own safety?" "Absolutely," he replied. Zodomirsky threw himself in a room, they were vacant; he had chair by the table, in which position not arrived. I looked round with tion he faced the door. Pravdine curiosity. They were furnished placed himself near the window, in a rich but simple manner, and and I near the fire. A presentiment with evident taste. I drew a chair weighed down our spirits. A near the balcony and looked out mournful silence reigned. over the plain. A storm was brewing; some drops of rain fell al-

streamed with water, and with the lifting her head. "Since you have hood drawn over her face, pushed seen me here, I have nothing more past the servant, and stood before to hide from you, and perhaps us. She threw back the hood, and you may be able to help me in we recognised Mariana Ravensky! what I am about to say." Then, Pravdine and I stood motionless suddenly flinging herself at his with astonishment. Zodomirsky feet: sprang toward her.

## Continuing Zodomirsky's Duel

By Alexandre Dumas

"Great heavens! what has happened, and why are you here?" "Why am I here, George?" she cried. "Is it you who ask me, when this night is perhaps the last of your life? Why am I here? of honor. Have pity on me, Captain. To say farewell to you. It is only tain, and tell him he can refuse two hours since I saw you, and such a duel as this. Make him not one word passed between us understand that it is not a duel, of to-morrow. Was that well, but an assassination? speak, George?" "But I am not alone here," said Zodomirsky in a low voice. "Think, Mariana. Your reputation—your fair fame—" "Are you not all in all to me, approaching Mariana, respectfully George? And in such a time as kissed her hand, and said with a this, what matters anything else?" trembling voice: "She threw her arm about his neck and pressed her head against his breast. Pravdine and I made some steps to quit the room. "Stay, gentlemen," she said, impossible. Each adversary, your

## After the insult came the duel near the Tomb at dawn

betrothed as well as Stamm, has a conditions were to indicate that right to propose his conditions. he counts upon his skill." But whatever be the conditions, "Enough, Mariana, enough," the Captain is in circumstances cried George. "Unhappy girl! which render this duel absolutely you do not know what you demand. necessary. He is known as a skil- Do you wish me, then, to fall so ful duelist; to refuse Stamm's (Continued on Page 3)



"Waiter, I can't see the show!"

## QUIZ for today

1. How many gallons are there in one cran of fish?
2. What seaside town adjoins Torquay?
3. What plant is illustrated on the nickel threepenny-piece?
4. How should you pronounce the famous London street, Holborn?

5. Which colour ball must be hit first in snooker?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Olive oil, Linseed oil, Carron oil, Castor oil, Coconut oil.

## Answers to Quiz in No. 686

1. Five.
2. Boscombe.
3. Eight (for half-a-crown).
4. Spanner.
5. Bandy.
6. The famous Prince's Street is in Edinburgh; others are in London.

## IT MAKES YOU WONDER

YOU come up to London to see the rounds—and although you don't know it, you are being watched. Who watches you? Oh, agents of the transport people, who are always on the look-out to find how the public reacts to ideas old and new.

It was only after a keen study of human nature that the L.P.T.B. started many of its time-saving and modern schemes.

Take the now common escalators in the Underground.

If people run up or walk up an escalator, instead of standing still, its capacity rises by as much as 40 per cent. So each escalator is run at a speed designed to keep the people walking.

There are about 140 moving staircases in London, and they travel more than 2,500 miles daily—a distance that could form a narrow bridge across the Atlantic.

When ticket-selling machines were devised you and I were studied psychologically. Would the public use them? It was found that the machines had to be placed in exactly the right positions, or people wouldn't. A few feet made all the difference.

The Underground sells nearly 400 tons of tickets every year. Can you imagine thirty tons of coppers and ten tons of silver!

That is the weight of the coins which the public drop into the machines every week. Nearly two million passengers are carried every day.

The air-operated doorways and the automatic signalling enables forty 8-car trains to travel on some lines every hour. These wonders are no less so because they are mechanical.

It has taken twenty-seven years to develop the system as you and I know it to-day. When Lord Ashfield came back to London from America to take charge there were 157 different bus companies, tram and railway lines.

The completion of the system envisioned by the heads of the L.P.T.B. is not yet attained.

A five-year programme was started, to cost £40,000,000.

Only twenty years ago buses were still ugly. One of the first things to change was the humble horse. A noble animal, but it had to go. It was costly, slow, occupied road space, traffic blocks.

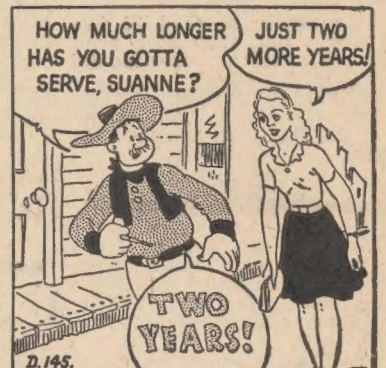
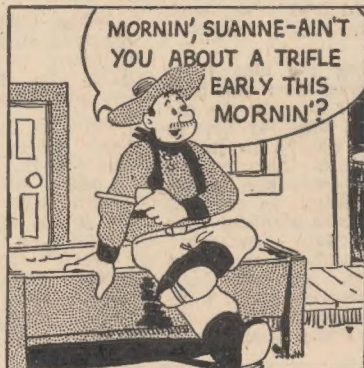
If we had had horse-drawn buses in the last war we would probably have lost the war. Why?

It was the gay red buses that bore troops, right up to the front line in France and elsewhere.

Horse-drawn vehicles could not have done it. The troops called the buses the "scarlet galleons."

It all makes you wonder.

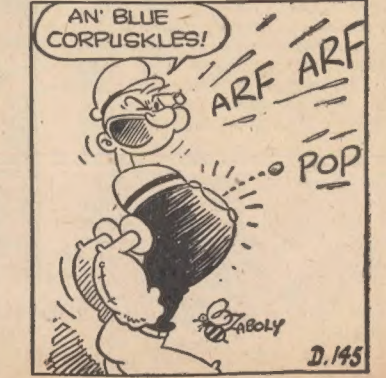
## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



## POPEYE





PUZZLE CORNER

1.									
2.									
3.									
4.									
5.									
6.									
7.									

When you have filled in the answers to the clues given below, you will find the centre

JANE

“Do Not Fight” Cried Mariana

(Continued from Page 2)

low that you yourself would be ashamed of me? I ask you, are you capable of loving a dishonored man?”

Mariana had let herself fall upon a chair. She rose, pale as a corpse, and began to put her mantle on.

“You are right, George, it is not I who would love you no more, but you who would hate me. We must resign ourselves to our fate. Give me your hand, George; perhaps we shall never see each

other again. To-morrow! to-morrow! my love.”

She wished to depart alone, but Zodomirsky insisted on leading her home.

Midnight was striking when he returned.

“You had better both retire,” said Zodomirsky as he entered.

I felt so wearied that I did not want telling twice. Pravdine passed into the saloon, I into Zodomirsky’s bedroom, and the master of the house into his study.

The cool air of the morning woke me. I cast my eyes upon the window, where the dawn commenced to appear. I heard Pravdine also stirring. I passed into the saloon, where Zodomirsky immediately joined us. His face was pale but serene.

“Are the horses ready?” he inquired.

I made a sign in the affirmative. “Then, let us start,” he said.

“AH,” said Pravdine all at once, “there is Michaelovitch’s carriage. Yes, yes, it is he with one of ours, and there is Naletoff, on his Circassian horse. Good! the others are coming behind. It is well we started so soon.”

The carriage had to pass the house of the Ravenskys. I could not refrain from looking up; the poor girl was at her window, motionless as a statue. She did not even nod to us.

“Quicker! quicker!” cried Zodomirsky to the coachman. It was the only sign by which I knew that he had seen Mariana.

Soon we distanced the other carriages, and arrived upon the place of combat—a plain where

two great pyramids rose, passing in this district by the name of the “Tomb of the Two Brothers.” The first rays of the sun darting through the trees began to dissipate the mists of night.

Michaelovitch arrived immediately after us, and in a few minutes we formed a group of nearly twenty persons. Then we heard the crunch of other steps upon the gravel. They were those of our opponents. Stamm walked first, holding in his hand a box of pistols. He bowed to Zodomirsky and the officers.

“Who gives the word to fire, gentlemen?” he asked.

The two adversaries and the seconds turned toward the officers, who regarded them with perplexity.

No one offered. No one wished to pronounce that terrible “three,” which would sign the fate of a comrade.

“Major,” said Zodomirsky to Belayef, “will you render me this service?”

Thus asked, the Major could not refuse, and he made a sign that he accepted.

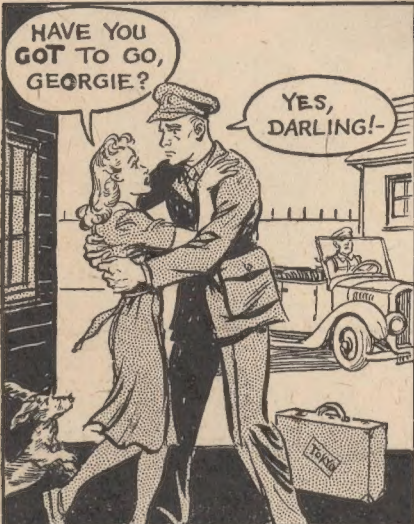
(To be continued)

Wangling Words No. 626

1. Cut one letter out of mount and get a .c3.
2. Insert the same letter seven times and make sense of: Reebertoeorizeebersnaes.
3. What common word has MON for its exact middle?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: That tall man is the — who rescued — from drowning.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 625

1. B(R)AND.
2. Take time to tot up the total and try to get it right.
3. PosITIVely.
4. Bertha, breath.



RUGGLES



KNOW YOUR ANIMALS Says Jack Greenall

**THE BABOON.** GOING South, this animal is unmentionable, red hits the eye; after that, one can stand anything.

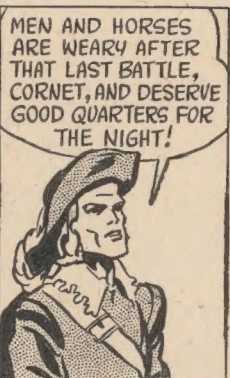
The Baboon is peevish, especially the male. After seeing the pin-up girl Nature's given him, so would you be. He is also a born robber. Where he “fences” the swag I have yet to learn. Baby Baboons are a nasty lot—so should I be if I'd been fathered by a Baboon. Fancy having a rear-light for a dad!

The Ancient Egyptians held the Baboon sacred. Round the walls of their tombs you'll find them in comic-strips.

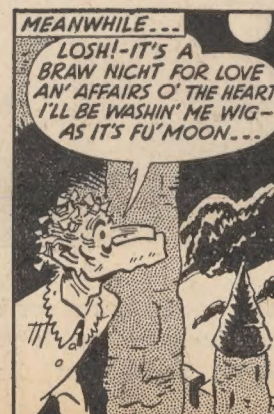
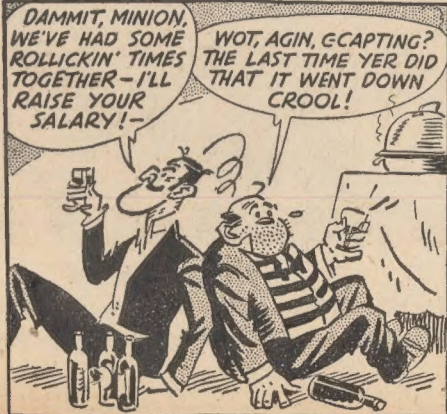
Male Baboons have loads of love lives (with female Baboons, of course). How one tells a female Baboon from a male Baboon only a Baboon knows. The wife of a Baboon never questions the old man when he's been hitting the high spots; she'd better not.



GARTH



JUST JAKE



**CLUES ACROSS.**—1 Woof, 5 Defends, 10 Cake finger, 11 Ship's stern, 12 Spruce, 13 Property, 15 Murrin, 16 Procure, 17 Parent, 18 Rank, 21 Splendid, 23 Whistles, 26 Fish, 28 Connective tissue, 30 Former, 31 Deer, 33 On every side, 35 Chrysalis, 36 Image, 37 Called forth, 38 Reel, 39 Repudiate.

**CLUES DOWN.**—1 Ram, 2 Cream-coloured, 3 Frail, 4 Stock phrase, 5 Salute, 6 Suitable, 7 Route, 8 Senility, 9 Went fast, 14 Foolish, 16 Cubic measure, 19 Strike lightly, 20 Quoted accurately, 22 Carry to excess, 24 Wig, 25 Firm, 27 Tree, 28 Remain, 29 Item of wear, 32 Exposed, 34 Last month, 35 Seed-vessel.





We'll tell you the truth—maybe. The lovely on the left is Margaret Lindsay, of Paramount, nearly falling off a cabin cruiser because she's on the look out for submariners. What a catch she'd make ! And the lovely on the right is Irene Manning, seen through a periscope of a submarine. That's why she has that surprised look. She's ready for any crash dive—and wouldn't we dive, fellas !